Enter Carrier and Kate in Cobham and Ladies apparrell.

Con. Who comes heere?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you baule quoth a, ods hat Ile foreweare your houſe: you lodg'de a fellow and his wife by vs, that ha run away with our parrel and left vs ſuch gew-gawes here, come Kate, come to mee, thowſe dizeard yfaith.

Maior. Mine hoſte, know you this man?

Hoſt. Yes maſter Maior, Ile giue my word for him, why neighbour Club, how comes this geare about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gawe ſtand on my head.

Con. How came this man and woman thus attyred?

Hoſt. Here came a man and woman hither this laſt night, which I did take for ſubſtantiall people, and lodg'de all in one chamber by theſe folkes: methinkes haue bin ſo bolde to change apparel, & gone away this morning ere they roſe

Mai. That was that traitor Oldcaſtle that thus eſcapt vs: make hue and cry yet after him, keepe faſt that traiterous rebell his ſeruant there: farewell mine hoſte.

Car. Come Kate Owdham, thou and Iſe trimly dizard.

Kate. Ifaith neame Club, Iſe wot nere what to do, Iſe be ſo flowted and ſo ſhowted at: but by'th meſſe Iſe cry. *Exit*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Pri. Come Dol, come, be merry wench.
Farewell Kent, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſſe, come for Lancaſhire,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crownes.

Doll. Why is all the gold ſpent already that you had the other day.

Pri. Gone Doll, gone; flowne, ſpent, vaniſhed, the Diuell, drinke, and dice, has deuoured all.

Dol. You might haue left mee in Kent till you had beene better prouided.

Pri. No Dol, no, Kent's too hot Doll, Kent's too hot: the weather-cocke of Wrotham will crow no longer, we haue pluckt

pluckt him, he has loſt his feathe
left him thrice, is moulted, is mou

Doll. I might haue gone to ſeru
told me he would prouide me a n

Pri. Peace Doll, peace; come n
an honeſt woman, weel into Lan
troth is, Ile marry thee, we want
ney we will haue I warrant thee;
Iriſh villaine me thinkes that has
rifling on him, ſtand cloſe Dol, w

Enter the Iriſhman with his dea

Iriſh. Alas poe maſter ſir Riſhar
and cut thy trote, for de ſhaine,
ring, be me truly is loue dee well
be ſhitten kanaue.

Pri. Stand ſirra, what art thou

Iriſh. Be S. Patricke meſter is

Pri. Sirra, ſirra, y'are a damn'd
heere, and rifled him of all that h
deliuer, or Ile not leaue you ſo n
ſhoulders, you whorſon Iriſh do

Iriſh. We's me S. Patricke, Iſe k
his ring, and nows be rob of all,

Pri. Auant you Raſcal, go ſirra
diuel laughs when one thee eſe r
weel to S. Albons and reuel in c

Dol. O thou art old ſir Iohn w

Enter the hoſt of the houſ

Iriſh. Be me tro meſter is poor
is haue no mony, is ſtarue and c
ſome meate, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſt. Faith fellow I haue no
for my gueſſe: as for meate tho
is, and if thou wilt lie in the ba
roome enough.

Iriſh. Is tanke my meſter herti

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